

The BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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Jane Forgets

By BAYARD DANIEL YORK

THE five girls ran down the grass-covered slope to the edge of the lake.

"What a spot!" Gladys Lawson cried. "The boys have raved about this place, but I never dreamed it could be so lovely. Why haven't we come before?"

Miss Sturgess, their teacher, had followed more slowly.

"It's a long walk over a rough path," she remarked, still somewhat out-of-breath.

"I'm glad we brought plenty of lunch—I'm starved," Belle Miller exclaimed. "Now, Jane—" she whirled toward a tall girl who was standing a little apart from the others—"you are sure you didn't forget the cake?"

Jane Wright smiled.

"I remembered everything except the cucumber pickles," she said. "And I wanted to go back after them—I wish you had let me."

"Oh—don't worry about that any more," Alice Havens murmured. "It's really all right, Jane."

The tone did not seem to Jane as cordial as the words. She tried to think of something to say—something which would partly atone for her forgetfulness. But at that moment Gladys spied a delightful nook between the lake and the gray overhanging cliff; and in an instant the conversation (and the girls as well) had left Jane behind.

Her heart sank. She had come on the picnic resolved to try hard to make the girls like her better. She was beginning to realize that a girl with freckles and red hair is not good for much if she keeps forgetting things. And yet she had forgotten the pickles—as the girls had promptly discovered when she arrived at Gladys's, preparatory to the start from the city.

She was always forgetting something. "Forgetful Jane, ever and always the same!" Helen Teal had dubbed her.

"I wonder if you would like to help me open the lunch-baskets," Miss Sturgess suggested.

"Yes," Jane murmured.

A sense of hopeless gloom settled about her. Her hair, her freckles, her forgetfulness. She was not like the other girls—and that was the end of it. She could not blame them if they did ex-

pect her to wash the dishes and clean up the table and throw away the scraps—it was all that she was good for.

As soon as lunch was out of the way the sport of the afternoon began. On the lake was a flatbottomed boat, one of the roomy kind that you can move about in without danger of upsetting; and there were wonderful, interesting nooks among the trees and rocks behind the cabin. Even Jane was surprised when someone said that it was past five o'clock and that they must begin to think about leaving.

"Listen," Helen exclaimed suddenly.



Hidden Treasure

BY MARJORIE DILLON

DEEP in the trunk of a sturdy oak, Is secret treasure that none may spy;

And safe from the prowling of hostile folk

Snugly is settled a tenant shy.

The oak tree croons to his furry guest, When winds of winter blow loud and cold;

Safe is the bushy-tail in his nest, Safe is his treasure through storm and cold.

The precious hoard? Why, as sure as you're born

It's—pine seeds, nuts, and some grains of corn!

The girls had just run down the path behind the cabin—with Miss Sturgess following more sedately.

"It couldn't be thunder!" Gladys cried, as the rather brisk rumble died away.

But a glance at the western sky showed that black clouds were gathered there. At this moment Miss Sturgess caught up with the girls.

"I have lost my pearl pendant," she said. "I ought not to have worn it. I wonder—but we had better start home at once before the storm begins."

"No, indeed," Gladys exclaimed. "We would probably get soaked if we did—but anyway we must find the pendant. Maybe the storm won't amount to much."

The search for the pendant proved futile, although the girls kept at it until the first pattering of raindrops drove them to the cabin.

The storm seemed to hesitate for a moment—and then it broke in full fury. Jane gazed out in fascination. Where but a minute before the world had been a thing of peace, there was now a scene of wildness such as she had never looked upon. The trees twisted and bent until it seemed as if their trunks must snap; across the lake rushed cloud after cloud of wind-driven rain and spray; and in front of the cabin, where the grass had been so green and inviting, ran a wild yellowish-green river.

Presently the rumbles of thunder died away and the wind ceased, but the rain continued to fall—a steady drenching downpour. The girls waited; and slowly hope changed to a dread certainty.

"I'm afraid," Miss Sturgess said at length; "that we shall have to stay here all night. The path back to Vine Street must be deep in mud and water."

"Oh, but I can't," Jane breathed.

Her lips were white and her hands and knees were trembling. She had not meant to let those words slip out—but it did not matter. Her day had been utterly ruined anyway—let the girls think her a coward if they wished.

"I'm just afraid of being out in the woods at night," she added, defiantly. "I know I'm simply a scared baby about it."

"I feel the same way," Gladys remarked. "Maybe we'll not have to stay—perhaps it will clear before dark."

But the rain continued; and as the twilight deepened, a sense of loneliness and desolation settled over the group.

"I—I think Father will come for us with the car," Gladys said, trying hard to keep her lip from trembling.

"Oh," exclaimed Miss Sturgess suddenly—and everyone jumped. "I didn't mean to startle you, but I think I've remembered where I lost my pendant. Will one of you go with me while I look—just to that flat rock back of the cabin? It isn't raining very hard now."

There was a moment of silence. Jane looked out at the wet deep-shadowed world. She tried to say, "I'll go,"—but the words failed to come.

"Let's all go," Alice suggested.

With Miss Sturgess leading, the girls moved slowly out of the cabin. Near the door lay a large birch club, evidently left there by the boys on one of their trips. Jane picked it up as she went by.

They reached the flat rock and looked its surface over carefully but without success.

"It's gone," Miss Sturgess said, at length. "I treasured it especially, because my mother gave it to me on the last Christmas before she died—but it can't be found and that's all there is to it."

An ingrained trait of Jane's asserted itself.

"Let's be thorough," she said. "We'll go over every square inch of this rock."

Bending low, they went to work. The search was nearly finished when Gladys gave a little cry.

"I remember something," she exclaimed.

The next instant she had leaped from the rock through some bushes to the spot under a pine tree where the girls and Miss Sturgess had sat in the afternoon.

"I've found—" her voice started to announce in triumph—and then the words ended in a shrill scream.

Jane heard the sound of something moving in the bushes near the pine tree—something which made a lot of noise. Her thoughts were confused, but out of them the idea of a tramp and of Gladys's danger stood rather clearly.

Grasping the club firmly she leaped into the bushes. For an instant she could not see distinctly—then her eyes made out Gladys struggling to her feet.

"I—I slipped and fell," Gladys murmured. "There's something—right there—in the bushes."

Jane sprang forward and struck the bushes with the club.

And then she turned, just as Miss Sturgess and the other girls appeared—and laughed a bit hysterically.

"What do you think it was?" she asked. "Only a big red and white cow."

At that instant a sound came to the girls' ears which did not startle them—the honk of an automobile horn. They rushed past the cabin.

"It's Father!" Gladys cried. "Oh, girls—I never knew before what a fine-looking man my dad is."

Some of the color had come back into Gladys's face.

"We found the pendant, anyway," she murmured.

On the way home in the cosy luxury of the car, Alice suddenly turned to Jane.

"I thought you were afraid in the woods in the dark," she exclaimed. "And yet you were the bravest of us all. How did you do it?"

Jane smiled. Rather queerly, as it seemed to her, there were tears in her eyes.

"I forgot that I was afraid," she said slowly. "You know I'm always forgetting things."

Jane felt Gladys's arms go around her impulsively.

"Jane," Gladys said; "You may forget the cucumber pickles and everything else in the dictionary from now on, if you want to! What do you say girls?"

"I say," Helen answered promptly; "that Jane Wright is all right!"

And the others echoed the sentiment.

For a moment Jane closed her eyes. The picture of the cabin and the dark woods rose in her mind—and she shuddered.

Then she smiled—and made a decision. When one has forgotten so many things, she may just as well forget that she has freckles and red hair.

A Promise

BY HAROLD WILLARD GLEASON

THE Brownie-boys are noted for the somersaults they turn; They spin the flax and wash the floor and sometimes work the churn. The Fairy-girls are dainty dears in rainbow-gowns entrancing; They change the darkness into light, and sorrow into dancing. The Elves so fat go pit-a-pit about the woods and fields; They help good farmers gather in the grain each harvest yields. And some day, if you're good as gold *perhaps* you'll see the Elves, The Brownie-boys and Fairy-girls—the Little Folk—yourselves!

Fairy Wise-Heart's Secret

BY GERTRUDE WINHAM FIELDER

"W" E'RE not going to see the elephants, Uncle Jack," said Irene, as he entered the living-room.

"Nor the monkeys," said Ann.

"Nor the bears," said Paul.

"Daddy can't take us this week," added Irene.

"And the monkeys, and the bears and the elephants won't be at the Park next week, is that the idea?" asked Uncle Jack.

"Why, of course they'll be there," said Paul.

"They're always there," said Irene.

"What's the trouble then?" questioned Uncle Jack.

"We want to go to-day," said Ann.

"Can't have any fun here," said Paul.

"Mm-m," said Uncle Jack looking thoughtful. "I suppose you would not care about paying me a visit in my den."

"Oh, yes, we would," came in a chorus.

"All right, then, we'll start at once.

"Let's hurry past the castle wall,
Let's hurry past the castle tall;
'Tis said beneath the castle roof
There dwells a black-haired Ogre. Woof!"

Uncle Jack said these last words in a low, mysterious voice, as they were passing the book-case.

"It's a game," cried Irene. "Isn't it a game, Uncle Jack?"

"Suppose we follow this path," said Uncle Jack, smiling down at Irene, "it looks as if it might lead to all sorts of interesting things. Keep your eyes wide open."

"It is a game," declared Irene.

"Peeping out from yonder wood

Methinks I see Red Riding Hood," whispered Uncle Jack.

"Where?" cried Irene and Ann, but Paul pointing to the hat-tree, said, "It's your red Tam o' Shanter, Irene."

Uncle Jack, eyes twinkling, started up the stair. Paul, Irene and Ann followed closely. Half way up, Uncle Jack stopped suddenly. Paul, Irene and Ann also stopped.

"Hark," said Uncle Jack, "don't you hear something?"

"It's," Paul was beginning, when Uncle Jack held up a warning finger.

"Cinderella in a golden carriage

Rideth gayly to her marriage."

The children laughed merrily, for from where they stood on the stair they could see from the window the baker's wagon coming down the street. The baker's wagon was painted yellow, as yellow as the yellowest pumpkin that ever grew. The baker's small daughter sat on the seat as happy as the happiest Princess.

"Oh!" exclaimed Uncle Jack, "were those bears that rushed past us?"

Irene and Ann, with frightened squeals, hid behind Uncle Jack, but Paul cried, "Say something about 'em, quick."

"Three Bears, Three Bears, all so wise,
Big, Little and Middle-size,
Spied us coming, spied us four,
Sped they past us out the door,
Three Bears, Three Bears, all so wise,
Big, Little and Middle-size,"

said Uncle Jack.

"Look, Ann, Baby Jim threw all his Teddy bears over the banisters at us," said Irene peeping out from under Uncle Jack's arm.

"Hark," whispered Uncle Jack, "what's that?"

"It's Dickie bird singing," answered Ann.

"Long, long ago, or so I've heard,
A Prince was changed into a bird:
If it be the same bird, he should
Show us the way out of the wood,"

chanted Uncle Jack.

"Hurrah, I see light ahead. We're almost out. Why, *here we are.*"

"That was fun," declared Irene. "Now, are you going to tell us a story, Uncle Jack?"

"Once upon a time," began Uncle Jack, seating himself on the couch and tucking Irene under one arm and Ann under the

other, "there was a horse who wished he was an automobile. Fairy Wise-Heart heard his wish and determined to bring it to pass. So directly the hay was in the barn, she waved her wand three times over his head and the next moment Dobbin, instead of being a horse, was an automobile. Not a new, shiny one, but an old battered flivver, for Dobbin had merely wished to be an automobile, he hadn't specified what kind.

"Where's Dobbin?" cried the farmer's children, "Where's Dobbin?"

"Always after a day in the hayfield, the farmer's children fed the horses sugar or apples, and now here was Ted with a big yellow apple and Doris with four lumps of sugar, and no Dobbin.

"Oh, how hard Dobbin tried to say, 'Neigh, Neigh, here I am, Ted, here I am, Doris,' but being an automobile, of course he couldn't. He just had to stand still and see Charlie, the other farm horse, gobble up his apple and his sugar.

"Bye and bye along came the hired man and cranked something in the front of him and off he started.

"This is better than standing around and hearing the children call and not being able to answer," said Dobbin to himself, when with a loud report, he came to a stop.

"That was but the beginning. All the way to town and back, the hired man was continually poking and jabbing at

some part of him.

"I wish I had never made a wish," cried Dobbin disgustedly.

"It's a good thing to make wishes and it's a good thing to try and make wishes come true," said Fairy Wise-Heart, "but the best of all is, to enjoy things as they are. Now, I'm going to tell you a secret. Ted and Doris are always wishing for something they have not, or they want to be doing something different from what they are doing or they want to be somewhere they're not."

Just then Paul began to giggle.

"I guess you mean us, Uncle Jack," he said.

Uncle Jack laughed too. "Well," he said, "the really happy boys and girls are the ones who are not spending their time wishing for what they can't have, but are getting fun out of what they can have. For instance, if I should give you each a big, fat lollypop, you couldn't enjoy them because all your thought is used up on wishing you were at the Park."

"Oh, yes, we could," said Paul.

"I guess we'd forgotten about the Park," added Irene.

Uncle Jack put his hand into his pocket. "The lollies are yours," said he, "and remember, if we try to be satisfied with what is around us, the more fun we shall really and truly have. That is Fairy Wise-Heart's secret for happiness."

six hundred yards wide and having a depth of upwards of two hundred feet.

It being impossible to sink supports to this great depth, it was necessary to rest the main structure of the bridge on only three piers, the span from pier to pier being more than seventeen hundred feet, the greatest span of any bridge in existence. The length of the gigantic bridge is more than a mile; with its approaches, built upon lofty piers, the total distance is 8,100 feet. The surface of the bridgeway is 150 feet above the surface of the water.

The mammoth structure is capable of resisting a wind pressure of fifty-six pounds to the square inch, a force unknown even in the stormy region of the Scottish coast. The Forth bridge has been in operation for more than thirty years, it having been completed on March 14, 1890.

A Mill Girl

LUCY LARCOM, who later wrote some beautiful poetry which made her well known in the world of letters, was working in a cotton mill in Lowell, Massachusetts, when she was fourteen years old. After she had been there a few weeks, she asked permission to tend some frames which were near a window looking out on the Merrimac River with its beautiful banks. Then the thought occurred to her that she could make the window frame and seat into a sort of library. She clipped poems and stories and incidents from newspapers and magazines and pasted them all around the window. Thus as her hands worked, she was feasting her eyes on natural beauty or reading her little library. Some of the poetry was undoubtedly commonplace and the hours of work were long, but out of her limitations she made herself a cultured young woman.

—THE PORTAL.

It was but an historical accident, no doubt, that this great country was called the "United States"; yet I am very thankful that it has that word "United" in its title, and the man who seeks to divide man from man, group from group, interest from interest in this great Union is striking at its very heart.

—WOODROW WILSON.

Prayer

"O GOD, we thank thee for this universe, our great home; for its vastness and its riches, and for the manifoldness of the life which teems upon it and of which we are a part. We praise thee for the arching sky and for the blessed winds, for the driving clouds and the constellations on high. We praise thee for the salt sea and the running water, for the everlasting hills, for the trees and for the grass under our feet. Grant us, we pray thee, a heart wide open to all this joy and beauty, that we may not pass heedless and unseeing when even the thornbush by the wayside is aflame with the glory of God."

—WALTER RAUSCHENBUSH.



A Triumph of Bridge Building

BY OSCAR LEWIS

GR^{EAT} engineering projects hold a fascination for nearly everyone, and of all such feats, that of bridge-building is perhaps the most spectacular and interesting.

One of the most ambitious tasks of this kind ever undertaken was that of building the gigantic bridge of the Firth of Forth, not far from Edinburgh, Scotland. The Firth of Forth, a wide and very deep arm of the North Sea, extends in the form of a long gulf for many miles into the mainland, and completely cuts off all direct land communication between the northern and southern halves of eastern

Scotland. This barrier of water for many years was recognized as a serious handicap to the development of the important region of the Forth, but it was not until the last quarter of the 19th Century that engineering science had advanced to a point where it was possible to undertake the task of bridging so large and deep a body of water.

The site chosen for the great bridge, one of the largest in the world, was at a point eight miles from Edinburgh, where the Forth narrows and its banks are within a mile of each other. At this point, also, a small rocky island rises to water-level in mid-channel. But on both sides of this island are the two channels



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of The Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

CASTINE, MAINE.

Dear Miss Buck:—I would like to become a join the Beacon Club and wear a button. I have read the stories, which I like very much, also the enigmas. Our minister's name is Mr. Mueller and our teacher's name is Mr. Bartlett. I am eleven years old and in the seventh grade.

Yours truly,

MARIETTA HOOPER.

16 AUBURN STREET,
CLINTON, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck:—I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club and wear its button. I go to the Unitarian church and Sunday school. Mr. Harold French is our Superintendent. Our minister's name is Rev. James C. Duncan. I enjoy him very much. There are two boys and two girls in our Sunday-school class: the others are Phyllis Hillner, John Wiesman, and Russell Goss. Our teacher's name is Dorothy Lee. I am eight years old. I wish some of the members of the club would write to me.

Yours truly,

MARIE GUTMAN.

Church School News

The following good account of recent events in our church school at Marlborough, Mass., will interest readers of our paper:

The Second Parish (Unitarian) Sunday School at Marlborough, Mass., (Howard H. Searles, Supt.) closed its meetings for the summer the last Sunday in June with a Children's Day service when representatives of each class reported on accomplishments of the year, with memory work and oral compositions. Two members of the school sang and the school orchestra of five members played. A brief service of hymn, responses, prayer and prayer response was given without books. Certificates were presented to five members of the Kindergarten graduating into the main school.

The pleasant Sunday afternoons in June we have taken hikes with our friends of the Universalist school, built a fire and cooked our supper in the open. Two of these outings have closed with a sunset service. These out-of-door meetings have been in charge of our Superintendent and Rev. Paul Harris Drake of the Universalist Church.

The last Saturday in June we held our annual picnic at Lake Chauncy, Westborough.

The second Sunday in June the school attended the regular church service on invitation. The sermon was especially for the children.

Our first service of the fall was the second Sunday in September, the date of the church's reopening. Rev. Mr. Gesner concluded a series of five-minute talks on the phrases of the Lord's Prayer. The classes individually voted their offerings for two Sundays to one of our school families who were entirely burned out of house and home. An Honor List has been announced for memory work of the past year,—Pearl Smith, Nellie Gibby, Ruth Smith, Arthur Proctor, Florence Smith,—and books were presented for perfect attendance to Carrie Williams, Pearl Smith, Mildred Proctor, Doris Proctor.

October 14th we had our first Roll Call and the entire service was in charge of three members of Mr. Clifton Proctor's class, boys twelve and thirteen years of age. Alfred Conrad opened the school and gave the announcements, Arthur Proctor led the prayer and responses, and the closing service, and Lawrence Clark called the roll. A fourth member of the class, Lloyd Conrad, played cornet in the orchestra which assisted in the music for the first time this fall. The experiment was surely a success.

Friday night we are having our annual Hallowe'en Party in the church vestry.

Our teachers and officers are joining in an interdenominational Sunday School workers training class which is to meet each month for eight meet-

ings at the different Sunday Schools of the neighborhood. We are to entertain one of their meetings and our Superintendent is Secretary of the committee planning the course.

Respectfully yours,

FLORENCE ANDERSON.

YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO.

Dear Miss Buck:—I would like to join the Beacon Club very much. I am nine years old. I go to the Unitarian church. I like to read the stories and puzzles in *The Beacon* very much. I go to the McKinley school and am in grade Four-A. My brother got a Beacon Club button when we lived in Quincy.

Yours truly,

EDWARD BOOTH.

Other new members of our Club are Jerry D. and Mary Sullivan, Edmonton, Alta., Can., Marjorie Bowler, Pomona, Cal., Barbara Hale, San Francisco, Cal., Willard Parks, Niagara Falls, N. Y., Alicia A. Fiske and Dorothy Pierce, Providence, R. I.

The calendar for October of the Harvard Street Unitarian Church, Cambridge, Mass., announces the opening of the church school year and makes an appeal to members of the congregation to take an active interest in it. The offering of the school on October 14th was given to the Japanese Relief Fund through the Cambridge Red Cross. The members of the school and parents and friends were invited to a Hallowe'en Party to be held Wednesday evening, October 31st, at seven o'clock.

The church school in Cleveland opened September 23rd, assembling in its three departments, kindergarten and primary, intermediate, and Junior Church. At the same hour, 9:45 a. m., an adult discussion class is held. There is a service class in which young children are taught and cared for while their parents are attending the church services. The calendar for October 7th contains a list of the grades, ages of pupils, teachers of classes, and the subject studied for the entire school.

The church school of Westminster Unitarian Church in Providence, R. I., opened on October 7th. On the day before, *THE PROVIDENCE JOURNAL* in the morning and the *BULLETIN* in the evening carried a large advertisement of this school and the First Church school jointly, announcing the opening on the following day, naming the course of study, and giving an invitation to those who cared for thorough instruction in religion for their children to send them to one or the other of these schools.

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RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XIII.

I am composed of 45 letters.
My 39, 4, 5, 37, 23, 30, 37, is what a crowd is composed of.
My 43, 17, 19, 41, 10, 37, are made from trees.
My 1, 14, 29, 37, 27, is not tight.
My 24, 2, 26, 31, 28, is a body of water.
My 3, 8, 6, is an article used in baseball.
My 21, 42, 7, is a length of time.
My 9, 23, 11, 12, is a part of speech.
My 13, 12, is a preposition used commonly.
My 16, 38, 34, is a boy's nickname.
My 15, 32, 33, is a girl's nickname.
My 44, 45, 32, 34, is a metal.
My 22, 1, 31, 40, is an insect.
My 18, 29, 36, is gained.
My 25, 20, 10, is not the beginning.
My 35, 6, is a pronoun.
My whole is a well-known quotation of a New Englander.

RUTH WELLMAN.

ENIGMA XIV.

I am composed of 30 letters and am a German proverb.
My 17, 28, 11, 3, 30, 13, 9, 1, is inactivity.
My 24, 6, 26, 12, 4, 18, 10, 20, 25, is throwing with a shovel.
My 23, 5, 7, 21, 27, 22, 16, are hanging masses of ice, tapering to points.
My 2, 14, 19, 29, 15, 8, dresses with the beak, as a bird its plumage.

Scattered Seeds.

HYDRA-HEADED WORDS

1
I am an animal, change my head I am a dwelling, change once more I am to disturb.
2
I am a fish, change my head I am a musical instrument, change once more I am to twist out of shape.
3
I am a bird, change my head I am part of a boat, change once more I am part of you.

Firelight.

DIAMONDS OF NUMBER

1. In earnest.	2. In Fanny.
3. A number.	2. A lady's neckpiece.
4. A beverage.	3. A number.
5. In earnest.	4. Consumed.
	5. In Fanny.

BOYLAND.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 5.

ENIGMA IX.—The Beacon Club.
ENIGMA X.—Youth's Companion.

BEHEADINGS.—J-ocular.

O-live

S-tops

E-at

P-lace

H-ire

TRANSFORMATIONS.—Gnat, Nat; Pat; hat; mat; oat; fat; vat; bat; rat; cat; scat.

SQUARE WORD.—AREAS

ROLLO

ELBOW

ALONE

SOWER

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR.

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